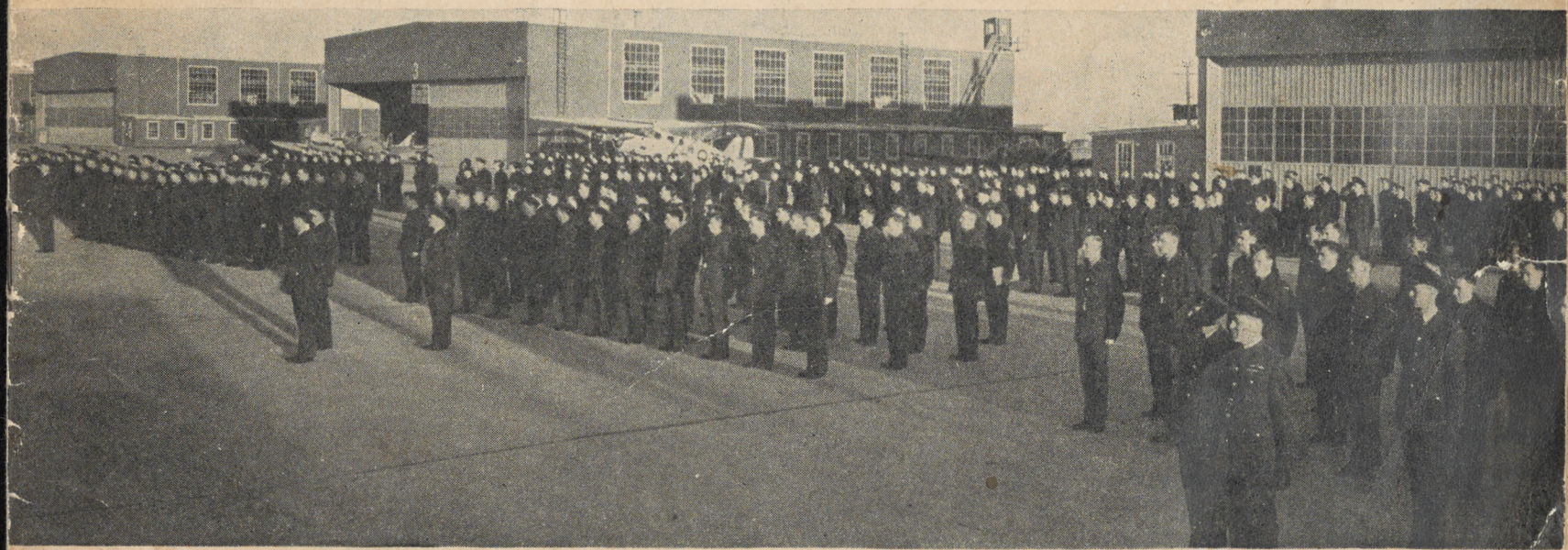


No. 8

On Parade



No. 8 REPAIR DEPOT, WINNIPEG, MAN.



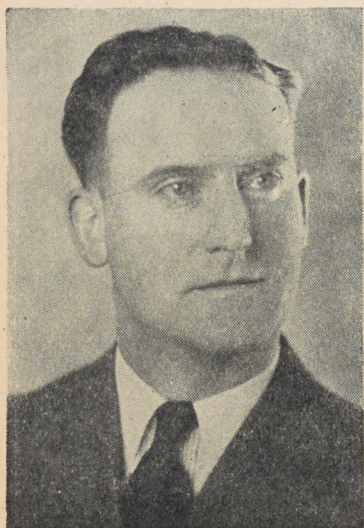
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No. 8 On Parade

PUBLISHED WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER,
NO. 8 REPAIR DEPOT.

EDITOR AND MANAGER: FLYING OFFICER J. C. G. HOOD

Vol. 1

WINNIPEG, CANADA — DECEMBER 1, 1942

No. 1

OUR COMMANDING OFFICER



GROUP CAPTAIN A. O. ADAMS

GROUP CAPTAIN A. O. ADAMS was born in London, England, in the year 1899. He came to Canada first in 1907 and received his early education mainly in Ottawa and vicinity.

Early in 1918 he joined the R.A.F. (Canada) and after completing his flying training, as it was then, proceeded overseas as a 2nd Lieutenant. But fate decreed that he should not see the zone of activity for an unfortunate circumstance prevented the ship, on which he was travelling, from completing the voyage. The Armistice was signed before another embarkation could be carried out.

Immediately after the war, the then Mr. Adams assigned himself the task of completing his education. He enrolled as a student in McGill University and between periods served in the ranks of the C.A.F. and then the R.C.A.F. where he obtained his commission. Completing his studies he graduated in Electrical Engineering and later obtained a Diploma in Aeronautics from the Imperial College of Science, London, England. He is an Associate Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, (England) and of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences (U.S.A.).

Continuing in his services to the country, he became attached to the Department of National Defence Headquarters in 1926 where he applied his knowledge and ability to problems

of design and airworthiness of aircraft and to engineering and allied work. In 1931 he attended the London Conference on Empire Standards for Airworthiness, as the Engineering representative from Canada.

He continued in the Aircraft Development Branch at A.F.H.Q. for some time. He opened No. 11 Technical Detachment as Officer Commanding at Montreal in 1938 where he remained for some two years before returning to A.F.H.Q. on Aircraft and Equipment development duties.

His active service career continued when No. 8 received its new Commanding Officer in November, 1941.

Regarding his civil life, it was not difficult to obtain the information that he is very happily married and the proud father of a boy and two girls. His hobbies include radio, shooting, photography, and speed-boat building among several others. He never has time to make all the things he wants to make. As if his life was not full enough, it was surprising to discover that he has had experience in farming, railroad surveying and paper making.

So much for our Commanding Officer to date. It is indeed a very cursory biography, inadequately outlining a life filled to overflowing with activity.

Dear Readers:

LIKE ALL ACHIEVEMENTS, great or small, this magazine was born of an idea. The idea was conceived by a desire to establish a medium whereby the activities and life on the Station could be depicted and made known to all. A conviction that No. 8 could produce and support a magazine of which it could be proud sponsored the attempt to materialize the idea from a state of mind to one of reality.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER wholeheartedly endorsed the idea and gave his permission to proceed with an organized effort so that no time should be lost in getting the first edition under way. The editor was named and made no delay in handing out a few of his headaches (an affliction recognized as being common to editors generally), to the official sympathisers, otherwise known as Section representatives.

THIS FIRST EDITION, it is hoped, promises a development that will hold the interest of all. In submitting this copy, the editor asks for your co-operation by contributing your particular talents so that each Section may be fully represented. If your impressions are favourable, tell us. If they are not, tell us. Your constructive criticisms are solicited so that the ensuing editions may be in keeping with your conception of the ideal commentary on Station activities.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE is to inspire a spirit of inter-Sectional competition and goodwill, and to enable those having a flair for writing articles or poetry, those who can draw cartoons, those who can tell a story, humorous or otherwise, to see the results of their efforts in print. It is produced for the benefit of all. This is your paper, rally to its support and let us prove that a belief in the latent talents on this Station was not unfounded.

TO OUR "OFF-THE-STATION-READERS" it is pointed out that R.C.A.F. periodicals usually emanate from training schools where the life and activities of the Stations are vastly different to those of the Repair Depots. It is hoped therefore, that you will find considerable interest, not only in the life of this Station but in our various technical articles which will portray over a period of time the type of work undertaken by the Repair Depots, and the part they play in this great air training scheme.

IN CLOSING, a vote of thanks is extended to the various advertisers who by their support, have contributed greatly to the success of this edition.

The Editor



Away Back When...

IT IS fitting, that, in this the first Edition of "No. 8 On Parade," something be said about the Station itself, its early stages and development and the hardships experienced by its first "settlers," a few of whom are still in our midst as "Old Timers."

The Station was officially opened in October, 1940, and at that time presented a very dismal picture compared to the vista that unfolds itself to the "Postee" on arrival for the first time today. At that time buildings were still in the process of construction and the contractors were trying to complete the tarmac before the arrival of a western winter. There were no facilities for heating the barracks, no plumbing, and no mess halls.

That you may get a better perspective on the life endured by the pioneers while No. 8 was suffering its growing pains, we have interviewed a few of these "die-hards" and submit some of their impressions:

Flight Sergeant Olauson says: "I was sent over from No. 7 Equipment Depot about six days before No. 8 came officially into being. For ten days there was nothing to do but watch the construction of the buildings and tarmac. Then there came notice that some thirty aircrew were to be quartered in one of the buildings as guards. Beds and bedding arrived late in the afternoon and Pilot Officer Parks (now Flight Lieutenant Parks, our recent S.E.O.) and I, along with three civilians from No. 7 assembled the beds and issued the bedding. The building was the one now used by the Security Guard and the quarters certainly were cramped. The following day I was detailed to assist in the erection of large cook stoves in the Officers', Sergeants' and Airmen's Mess."

Sergeant Garner continues the story with:

"On the morning of October 16, 1940, I landed in a party at No. 8 Repair Depot. The first N.C.O. we met was WOII Barker who immediately asked 'who are you and where do you come from?' 'Equipment Assistants from St. Thomas, Sir.' 'All right, come and get your beds.'

"Away we went to the present Canteen building which was piled to the ceiling with bed ends, springs, mattresses, blankets and pillows. We dug enough out of the pile to set up our bunks in the old N.C.O.'s quarters. When it was time to eat, we looked for the mess hall, (no mess hall) and discovered we had to go over to No. 7 for our meals. We had to be outside our quarters at 12.30, finally left at 13.30 and arrived back at 14.45. That kept up for about six weeks and believe me it was plenty cold at times.

"We had a driver who was attached to No. 7 Equipment Depot who used to hit all the pot holes in Ellice Avenue at about 40 miles per. That, coupled with the wind howling around your ears, the snow getting down your neck, and then waiting around for half an hour at No. 7 until it was our time to eat was not what you would call fun. By the end of October it got colder, but we had a swell heating system, two little air-tight heaters for one barrack block, which wasn't bad as long as we scrounged enough wood to keep them going. Finally the day came when we thought our heating troubles were over. Along came those dandy automatic stokers. The first night we came in after work, you couldn't see down the hall for smoke and gas. That meant opening all the doors and windows. Finally someone got the bright idea of fixing the controls. What happened was never known, but after a series of explosions and the gradual disintegration of the stoker, we reverted to wood hunting again—packing cases, cardboard boxes, anything that



A FEW OF THE OLD-TIMERS

Back Row (Left to Right): Cpl. Hancock, W. F.; Sgt. Hand, E. E.; Flt/Sgt. McLachlan, M. R.; Sgt. Heath, C. E. Front Row (Left to Right): Cpl. Sullivan, C. F.; Cpl. Davidson, J. A.; Flt/Sgt. Cooper, A. R.; F/Lt. D. F. Archibald; LAC. Dunsmore, D. A.; W.O.I Barker, S. G.; Flt/Sgt. Olauson, L. W.; Flt/Sgt. Kirkpatrick, H. A.; Cpl. Bergum, A. B.; and Sgt. Garner, E.

would burn. That night the station was unofficially named No. 8 Despair Depot.

"But after all boys, it wasn't bad. There was no Guard House, Service Police, or fence. If you wanted to go out at night, you just opened the door, walked along a plank and you were on the road, if you could call it that. Then you could hike down to Minto Barracks which was the end of the bus line in those days. You couldn't go down town very often because of the mud bath you received on returning to the Station."

Flight Sergeant McLachlan had nothing to add to the above other than that he wanted to lay emphasis on the Stevenson Field mud or "Gumbo" which gave the boys much grief before the days of pavement and gravel.

WOI Barker tells us that even the stencils had to be borrowed from No. 7 in order to publish Daily Routine Orders and after they were typed he had to run them over to that indispensable equipment depot to run them off. Owing to the scarcity of transportation he had to use his own car and very often found himself bogged down in the vicinity of the Winnipeg Dump.

Another interesting individual in the person of Mr. Leitch (Major to you) our barrack warden, arrived on the Station about a month after it had opened and listening to him reminiscing we heard—"The present No. 8 Hangar was known in 1940 as Hangar No. 7. The barrack stores and the Security Guard office were located in the East Annex. The south end of the same Annex marked the spot where the N.C.O.'s wrestled with Morpheus. In the centre of the hangar the airmen slept, when and if they could, for whenever the main doors were opened a blast of cold wind would sweep in and reduce the general temperature to about 10 below zero. The winter of that year was extremely cold and the men drew as many extra blankets as they wished to fasten around their beds as wind breaks. There was no hot water in the hangar, no showers, and only two wash basins. Those who slept in late had to double across the snow covered ground to the old No. 10 hut to wash, as did all those who desired hot water to wash or shave. I have a vivid mental picture of a long line of men indifferently dressed, running to and from that block, carrying their towels, soap and shaving materials.

"The Rivers School used the West Annex of the same hangar for sleeping quarters and had their school in the West Annex of No. 5 Hangar. The present Canteen was the Mess Hall, the south half being used as the dining hall and the North side as a storeroom for meats, vegetables, etc. The cooks also slept there. During the mornings one could go into the kitchen, make toast or his own particular form of breakfast and at any time the cooks served tea or coffee along with samples of their cooking.

"We had one little snow plow (the kind usually found on small farms) to keep the tarmac free from snow. The balance of the snow cleaning equipment consisted of snow shovels in the hands of husky civilians with unpronounceable names."

So we see like everything else, No. 8 had its beginning, survived it as did its old timers who are now pulling their weight in their respective sections, just as No. 8 in its turn is fulfilling its function in the scheme of things within the J.A.T.P.



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If you should ask us, "How long have you been in business?" we should probably look up our charter and say 272 years—but we've always been so busy keeping a step ahead of the times that we've had no time to grow old.

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

INTRODUCTION TO "NO. 8 ON PARADE"

BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER

As this is being written, what the Free Nations have hangs virtually in the balance—their possessions, their comforts—and even more important than these—their freedom. All these are worth fighting for, but we are not all privileged to have that opportunity. As our duty lies in other directions—so it must be done, and it is our task at No. 8 Repair Depot to assist wherever we may in the somewhat arduous but nevertheless interesting, work of reconditioning aircraft and equipment.

In many respects a Repair Depot differs from a School. There is not, for one thing, the thrill of flying or seeing flying in progress to any great extent. Nor is there opportunity for Airmen tradesmen to talk or listen to those who have flown the aeroplanes upon which they themselves have worked. Flying for its own sake is apt to be regarded as remote. This is especially true when airmen tradesmen are in large numbers, as is the case at Repair Depots. They have, however, the satisfaction of a job well done and of learning much which may be of use to them upon return to civil life. Sometimes one wonders if these same airmen are not forgotten a little in the turmoil and expansion of the great Air Training Scheme.

If airmen, having gained useful experience at Repair Depots, are the better for it when engaged on maintenance work, whether at training stations or in active squadrons, then our practical technical training is not in vain.

We at No. 8 Repair Depot find that the "principles of war" as enunciated by the combative experts, apply in an industrial sense, with almost equal force. Accordingly, we have not been backward in applying them. The one of greatest use to the local training squadrons is undoubtedly "co-operation." I take this opportunity of expressing on behalf of the whole of No. 8 Repair Depot that this is what we are striving to achieve.

Hearty congratulations are due to the Editor of our Depot Magazine. He has had an up-hill job extending over several months before being satisfied with its arrangements.

Years ago Caesar said—"All Gaul is divided into three parts"—and so it is with the general run of human beings—those who are enthusiastic, those who oppose, and those who are luke-warm when any new idea is projected. The latter are usually in the majority, and they are invariably the hardest to inspire into action. Again, Newton discovered the law that states in part—"A body remains at rest until acted upon by an external force." The Editor rediscovered this fact and elected himself as an external force, for the time being at any rate. He supplied too, the inspiration which produced this, the first copy of "No. 8 On Parade."

In these days of high pressure working, relaxation is vital. We need above all to preserve a sense of humour, and this factor has been recognized in producing this magazine.

Where technical knowledge is needed—and where is this not at least in need of improvement these days—it is important to promote its study. The Editor recognizes this by including a brief article of a technical nature. It is hoped that it will be found useful.

In conclusion, I take this opportunity of wishing "No. 8 On Parade" Good Luck.

NOTICE TO ALL READERS

As we were going to press a new ruling was made by the Air Council to the effect that henceforth no advertising of any kind is to be accepted by service publications.

This will affect in no small way the future of "No. 8 On Parade." Headquarters propose publishing a monthly tabloid-type magazine replete with photos, cartoons, news, feature and human interest stories on the activities of the R.C.A.F. in Canada and overseas. As this paper is still in the planning stages it is uncertain whether it will incorporate "No. 8 On Parade" or if our own paper will continue to be published in a more modified form.—THE EDITOR.

PLANNING

By FLYING OFFICER W. E. ALGIE, Our Planning and Progress Officer.

THE problem of the planning office resolves itself into three parts:

First: to use the man hours, space, and equipment that is available to the greatest advantage.

Second: to establish a rate of flow of production that is consistent with

- (a) the requirements of the Sales (or Shipping) Department.
- (b) the capacity of the plant taken as a whole.

Third: to produce results by eliminating "bottlenecks."

In order that man hours may be used to best advantage, personnel must be selected carefully for each particular job, so that a "square peg" will not be placed in a "round hole." It is essential that they be properly trained to do their work efficiently. It is necessary to see that the proper number of men are assigned to the right job, at the right place, at the right time. By having too few or too many, there is a wastage of time or manpower or both. It is the duty of the Planning Office to keep the Labor Department informed daily or weekly in regard to the number of personnel required, and where and when they will be employed.

To establish a constant rate of flow, rather than spasmodic production, the Planning Office must take many factors into consideration:

1. **Man Hours Available:** These must be divided into various trades, which in turn are broken down into degrees of skill. For instance, ten welders might be available, with only one qualified to work on magnesium.
2. **Materials Available:** Materials should be cut as carefully as possible to ensure that the minimum amount is used. A list of economical and authorized substitutes should be kept to prevent unnecessary hold-ups through lack of supplies. The Planning Office should anticipate requirements and keep the Purchasing Department informed.
3. **Tools and Jigs:** The Planning Office must estimate as closely as possible what tools and jigs are required. If jiggling is excessively costly for the production of a certain item, the Engineering or Designing Department should be notified in order to ascertain the possibility of simplifying the design.
4. **Space Available:** The space available is a contributing factor in establishing production capacity. It is essential that the most efficient use of space be assured, keeping in mind the requisites of the method of manufacture. Adequate storage facilities must be provided to handle an entire batch of material or parts at each stage in the production line to eliminate possible limitations to the rate of flow.
5. **Sub-Contractors:** The cost of tools and jigs, and the availability of man hours and space, must be weighed against the cost and time required to have certain items manufactured by sub-contractors. "Bottlenecks" can often be eliminated and production costs cut by sub-contracting. When sending out work on a sub-contract it is essential that the rate of flow dovetails with the output of the main plant.

The above covers the chief factors in establishing a constant rate of flow.

The Planning Office should have available complete detailed drawings of every item to be manufactured, work cards

designating the length of time required for manufacture, process sheets detailing each operation, as well as particulars of tools and jigs required.

A proper Inspection Department to handle production at the desired rate of flow, and to be responsible for the quality inspection, should be set up. Care should be taken that the first item manufactured is carefully inspected and "proved" before production is begun.

The confidence of the management in the Planning Office as well as of all department heads throughout the plant, is essential to ensure full co-operation. Without this confidence, the greatest efficiency is impossible and production, consequently, will be adversely affected. Undue interference from outside sources, and erratic changes of policy will also retard production. It also affects morale in the plant.

The principles of Planning as outlined above, apply chiefly to civilian manufacturing plants. However, many of these principles apply equally to No. 8 Repair Depot. The training of personnel, re-allocation of personnel, the establishment of a rate of flow for the repair of component parts, the correct use of materials and the anticipation of quantities of materials, all come within the ambit of the Planning and Progress Officer. Planning sheets of the more important jobs are kept along with itemized man hours required, classified as to the various trades necessary. Space required, equipment involved, and the most economical rate of production are also indicated on these sheets.

A liaison N.C.O. attached to the Repairable Equipment Section from the Planning and Progress Office has been found to be an essential co-ordinating feature for the efficient progressing of all component repairs. This N.C.O. knows the production capacity of each shop as well as the amount of work present in each department and thus can route all repairable parts.

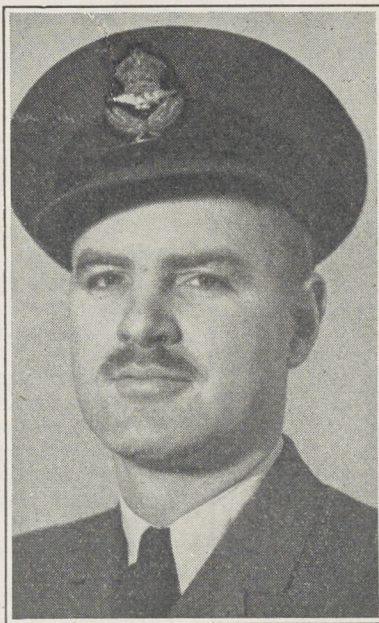
The Planning and Progress Officer keeps in close touch with allocation authorities in order to prepare priority lists for work in hand. This insures a steady flow of work through departments for the best results.

The old, and somewhat hackneyed expression, "Look before you leap" should be a by-word wherever work is undertaken. It is more economical to do the thinking in the relative quiet of a Planning Office, where the only waste materials are pencils and paper, than out on the job where man hours, costly materials, tools and space may be wasted in the ineffectual process of trial and error.

Remember the Sentry who on his first night of Guard Duty was striding up and down his beat looking four ways at the same time, when he saw the Orderly Officer. He slapped his rifle down to the "On Guard" and piped out, "Halt, who goes there?" The answer came, "Orderly Officer." Then the flustered sentry couldn't think of what to say to bring him up, so he stood there trying to get out the next part of the challenge.

Finally the Orderly Officer bellowed, "Well, what do you want me to do now?"

The sentry blurted out, "Er - - , stand at ease!"



Attention . . .

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FERRY SQUADRON

By F/LT. ROBERTS

124 Ferry Squadron herewith present Greetings and Salutations to No. 8 Repair Depot on this memorable and auspicious occasion of the maiden appearance of "No. 8 on Parade." Having witnessed the inspiring spectacle of No. 8 on parade in the flesh, we trust, hope and anticipate that this new organ of expression will uphold and further the noble traditions of the parent body. Whereas No. 8 has never lacked the ability of expression, verbally, this new avenue of expression will assume a more permanent form so that their wisdom may be passed on down through the ages to posterity.

After some 9 months of close association with No. 8 we welcome this opportunity to express our appreciation of the kind co-operation we have received on every hand. It may be said that we are greatly attached to No. 8—for quarters, rations, discipline and what have you. We came here from afar, as strangers in a strange land and were welcomed into the fold as one of the flock. We have been aided and abetted by all from the C.O. down through the ranks.

But with all your co-operation our path has been long and hard and fraught with vicissitudes. Through no fault of yours we are still in the embryonic stage. This Detachment is still endeavouring to function and do a job of work. Our office may be likened to an enlarged rodent's residence. When two pilots of the proportions of our portly namesake enter the said office we usually find Park, our clerk steno, under the table and Laurendeau, our clerk general, in the filing cabinet. When the casual observer notes rotund portions of human anatomy protruding from the windows he knows instinctively that three or more pilots are reporting.

Our Aircraft are parked in the wide open spaces of the Great Dismal Swamp and when the jolly tars under F/Sgt. Ulrich row out in their kayaks to perform D.I.'s they have to chase the ducks and muskrats out of the Pilots' Cockpits. The gay Nimrods of No. 8 travel far afield for their sport but if they would set out their decoys on Lake Stevenson they would save time, work, worry and gasoline.

However the life of a Ferry Pilot is not all pain and travail. It has been suggested that we have our moments. The Navy has the slogan: "A Girl in Every Port." Although the Navy is the senior service, that is strictly small potatoes. Why, our boys have a waiting list in every town in Canada. One of our more gifted Lotharios, of long, lean and lanky mien, even has the Angels of the Airlines marking time in platoons. Another Navy slogan goes "Join the Navy and See the World" . . . through a porthole. That also is old stuff. Ferry slogan could read "Join Ferry Squadron and get a Bird's Eye View of the World." Or with the usual splendid co-ordination of No. 8 "YOU FIX 'EM—WE FLY 'EM."

Ferry Squadron Social Activities—

A Dinner and Smoker was held Tuesday Night, October 6, under the joint auspices of Ferry Squadron and Communication Flight. 'Twas a large evening at the St. Regis Hotel and a goodly crowd was there. Both Units were about equally represented and the usual spirit of harmony and goodfellowship reigned supreme. The catering was well handled by the St. Regis and Shea's and enormous havoc was wrought on the products of both. The whole affair was most capably arranged by the inimitable Bill Kidd, our demon Canteen Operator. The festivities were greatly enjoyed by one and all, old and young and it is anticipated that the two Units will stage many more Get Togethers in the future.

Births, Deaths and Marriages—

Died — Two good Bachelors — P/O Cooper and WO2 Penwarden. They both celebrated their demise on September 19, when they entered the state of matrimony. The Detachment all wish them the best of luck in their new venture.

LAC Gagne became the proud pappy of a daughter on May 10, 1942; LAC Elliott was presented with a bouncing baby boy on June 16, 1942; LAC Austin also welcomed a future Ferry Pilot on May 22, 1942. Congratulations boys—keep up the good work.

Well, so long folks—Enough's enough.

"CHIPS AND CUTTINGS"

FROM THE MACHINE SHOP



Here is a recent picture of some of the Machine Shop Staff. Reading from left to right: Back row—F/O Scott, W.O.1 Pickering, L.A.C. Sutherland, A.C.1 Shugg, A.C.1 Storton, L.A.C. Sones, A.C.2 Wagner, L.A.C. Brownrigg, Cpl. Crump, Cpl. Baillot, Cpl. Skuce, and A.C.1 Rourke. Front row—A.C.1 Zakrison, Sgt. Jamieson, A.C.1 Emerson, A.C.1 Sandilands, A.C.1 Langill, A.C.1 Storton, L.A.C. Hemsley, and L.A.C. Palahicky.

WHEREAS it has been decreed that all and sundry shall be told of the trials and tribulations of this Repair Depot by means of a document or documents to be known as "No. 8 On Parade."

Therefore let it be known as a matter of record, that, we who do constitute the staff of The Machine Shop do heartily welcome and congratulate the Editor in this new venture and trust that he may glean from various ramblings such as this, fit material for printing. Thereby spreading the fame (or otherwise) of this Station far and wide.

In continuing this chronicle it is deemed advisable that something should be known of the Machine Shop Personnel and as the A.C.2's are nearly always at the bottom of any list, especially on pay days, we hereby commence our tale with these lowly and last paid members.

Most recent of these is Don Giroux closely followed by Pileski both of whom are new and as a result little can be said of them. Earl Langill is a newcomer also and it would appear that he will be heard from in the athletic field along with Smilin' Sandilands. Tommy Barber has recently taken himself a bride and is still floating around in a pink cloud but working nights will bring him down to earth we think. Ernie Sones is one of the steady boys it appears but there is a saying that "Still waters run deep." Who knows? Then we did have "Volatile" Shugg, a swell guy who unfortunately was transferred. We wish him the best of luck. Getting along we come to another pair who sometimes amaze us all. "Whispering" Pungente and "Flash" Storton each of whom have their own particular form of endearment to the rest of the staff. From across the border we have with us "Turret Lathe" Rourke and "Admiral" Zakrison. It may be whispered that the Admiral was recently rescued by Turret, but the details are a military secret. Winding up the A.C.1's and 2's are "Happy" Wagner, always smiling and Emerson the "Golfing Wizard."

Getting around to the L.A.C.'s we find them headed by "Pillbox" Brownrigg, our efficient and willing equipment assistant and known to be a good man for getting that which can't be got. Then a couple of oldtimers in the presence of "Lightning" Lee and "Commando" Hemsley. Nick Palahicky is a comparative newcomer who is hoping to become a "Nutsplitter" eventually. He handles the toolroom wicket at present and is followed on the next shift by "Happy-go-Lucky" Hollens who, now that he has recovered from injuries from a "Jerry" bomb on the East Coast of England, hopes to remuster back to his own trade soon. Then to complete the L.A.C.'s we find our two dancing pals. Baillot is said to be a regular "Fred Astaire" and as Alex Sutherland has been taking dancing lessons it is thought he might be in love. It has even been mentioned that he sometimes sees mirages. Careful Alex!

Our two Corporals Skuce and Crump are both oldtimers who are doing a good job, although Skuce is said to use a big club sometimes and Andy Crump slays them with figures.

"Inventor" Bill Jamieson and "Big Sister" Haughan are our two Sergeants and keep everything rolling smoothly. Bill Jamieson is a hometown boy while Bill Haughan comes from the "Bluenose" country.

Sgt. Major Pickering spends his time trying to keep up with correspondence, passes, lost work orders, rush jobs and in between acts as a general fixer-upper. It is said that he develops a peculiar cough in the mornings. Probably from smoking.

The "Bull of the Woods" of course is Flying Officer Scott, a machinist par excellence, Station Fire Chief and father confessor to the Gang. Also thought of by every member of the staff as a "Good Guy."

That's all for this time folks, see you in the next issue.

—J.H.P.

A TENDER POEM

Dedicated to All My Dear Friends in Engine Repair Section

By "Johnny Rigger"

*Did you ever stop to figger,
If you couldn't be a rigger,
In Trade Tests you were just an "Also-ran"
If your brain works awful slow
The big boys they will go,
And re-muster you to Aero-Engine Man.*

*For an "A.E.M.'s" a lad,
Whose brainwork is too bad,
For to make a proper showing in a trade,
Yes, an "A.E.M.'s" a rigger,
Who was sluggish on the trigger,
Just a rigger boy who couldn't make the grade.*

*But don't ever be a quitter,
Even though you're made a fitter,
Try to show the Big Boys that your not a shirker,
Keep your buttons clean and bright,
Things are bound to turn out right,
They may even change you to a Fabric Worker!*

Compliments of

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BOWLING AND BILLIARDS

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BOWLADROME . . . RECREATION . . . MALL

A WORD TO THE FOOLISH

To those enthusiastic neophytes who aspire to elevate themselves from the common herd of A.C.'s, it may be that the Station Magazine can offer a few helpful hints that will assist them in the fulfilment of their ambitions.

These suggestions are offered with the sole intention of enabling the prospective corporal to distinguish himself. We believe it quite possible that the S.W.O. will readily endorse our recommendation as our own position was obtained by a scrupulous adherence to the following simple rules:

DON'TS:

DON'T under any circumstance, call the Station Warrant Officer "Sir." Call him "chum." Remember that he is apt to be a little shy and self-conscious, and this matey conduct is well calculated to put him at ease.

DON'T obey his orders instantly. This will give him time for reflection and you can point out diplomatically that

(a) his order is unnecessary in the first place, and

(b) it is incorrectly delivered in the second place. He is sure to be grateful for this gentle guidance.

DON'T stand perfectly still with your eyes to the front when undergoing inspection. If everybody did this, it would present a very monotonous spectacle. A little judicious bobbing and weaving adds a touch of variety. Besides, if you keep your eyes straight to the front, how are you going to see everything that goes on?

DON'T shine your shoes or brass. They will only get dirty again, and the S.W.O. will immediately assume that you are out to steal his job.

DON'T go on parade with your hair just freshly cut. Think how embarrassed the inspecting officer would feel if he hadn't been able to find time to get his own cut.

DON'T stand stiffly at attention when speaking to a superior officer. This introduces a distressingly formal note. On the

other hand, it is considered slightly *infra dig* to clap him on the back except under special circumstances.

DON'T hesitate, when having an interview, to sprawl all over the desk as it is desired that airmen feel properly relaxed and at home under any circumstances.

DON'T appear on time for parades. This may be considered by your officers as showing both a lack of initiative and an unfortunate addiction to discipline which is naturally frowned upon.

DON'T forget, while in barracks, to pin a "DO NOT DISTURB" notice on your bunk when you have had a late night and wish to sleep in. To omit this simple precaution is unfair to the person who may be placed in the embarrassing position of having to listen to your recriminations on awakening you.

DON'T pay too much attention to your N.C.O.'s exhortations. They are altogether too enthusiastic about everything anyway.

DON'T salute an officer when you pass him. He will appreciate your consideration. After all, it must be terribly tiring to return the compliments all day long.

And now for some

DO'S:

DO make it a rule to argue with the S.W.O. This should cause him to view you as a rugged individualist, and you are bound to rise in his estimation.

DO, by all means, volunteer for all fatigues. If you don't, you are apt to be overlooked and be left with the impression that you have missed something.

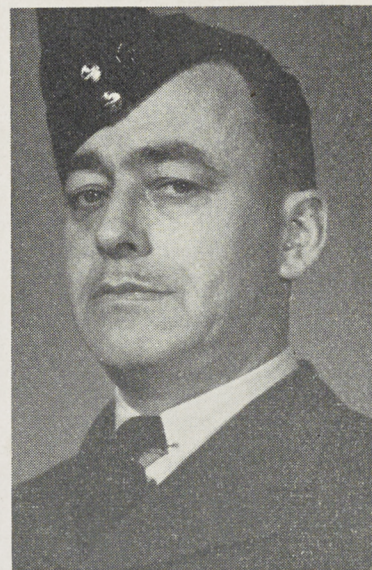
DO, whenever you wish, overstay your late pass. It is important that you appear on the Orderly Room List as often as possible, you may never be noticed unless you do.

The above should give you the general idea as to what you can achieve, and, with a little originality you should be able to perpetually enliven your service career. Try it!!!

It has been suggested by one of our worthy brother officers that the first principle of First Aid is well illustrated by the Officers' Mess on a Sunday afternoon,

Viz. "Death is not to be assumed because signs of life are absent."

THE S.W.O.



WO2 McPHERSON, F. A.

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Best of Luck . . . Carry on

THE R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

(J.M.W.)

What, why, and who are the W.D.? Just in case you are not familiar with the answer I will endeavor to elucidate.

To begin with, the Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force (C.W.A.A.F.), as we were first called, was formed on July 2, 1941—just a little over sixteen months ago. It was fashioned after its sister service, the W.A.A.F. "The Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force" however, was redesignated the "Royal Canadian Air Force (Women's Division)" by an order in Council, dated February, 1942, in order to obviate the misinterpretation of the word "auxiliary." We are not an auxiliary, but an actual part of the R.C.A.F. We are, in fact, the first organization of women in Canada to become a component part of his Majesty's Armed Forces.

Airwomen enjoy the vigorous training at Manning Depots. This training includes an extensive program of lectures, inoculations, parades, inspections, physical training and drill. The drill is rather a problem for some of the girls at first, but before the time is up they can form a smartly drilled squadron. Rising at reveille they scramble for a shower, polish shoes and buttons, make bunks, eat in a mess hall, rush from P.T. to lectures and to drill, call each other by last names, and finally with the sounding of lights out, roll into bunks dead tired. This is a typical daily routine. Following the basic training comes the Trade training, and then the girls are ready for a station, and how eagerly they look forward to it.

With more trades being opened to W.D.'s they have a challenge thrown to them which will be more than met. They only await the opportunity to prove themselves. They are quietly confident. They are going to prove their worth at No. 8, not only in the offices but in the shops.

We should all remember that this isn't just a man's war. It is a total war where every man and woman has a vital part to play. It may not be the privilege of all of us to strike a direct blow at the enemy, but it is the duty and privilege of

each one of us to contribute to the utmost of his or her energy and ability. The W.D. are proud to wear the R.C.A.F. uniform and have enlisted for active service with a desire to give their best to help win this war and to help make the world a decent place in which to live.



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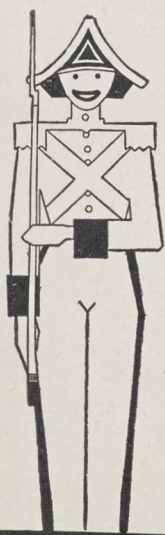
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THEY ALL COME HERE

Due to the convenient location of No. 8 Repair Depot, we are in the unique position of being able to welcome to Winnipeg most of the distinguished visitors, both official and unofficial, who may arrive by air.

To the right, we see in (1) the Wellington Bomber Crew, who within a few hours after their raid on Saarbrücken arrived in Canada to conduct a nation-wide tour, arriving at No. 8 at 20.00 hours, September 5, 1942.

In (2) is shown the Victory Torch which arrived in Winnipeg by service aircraft on May 31, 1941, and was received by Mayor Queen together with other government and Victory Loan officials. It was held in custody at No. 8 until it appeared in the public parade on June 1. Shown with the torch, are Wing Commander G. Lacey, C.O. of No. 8 at that time, Sergeant of the Guard and Mayor Queen.

(3) shows the arrival of Princess Alice and party on October 10, 1942.

His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, is shown in (4) leaving his plane on arrival at the station in August, 1941, followed by Air Vice Marshal A. B. Shearer.

In (5) our Commanding Officer, Group Captain Adams with Air Vice Marshal Shearer, and the Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, await the arrival of the Wellington Bomber Crew.

In (6) we see Air Vice Marshal Sully and party who arrived on the station during the latter part of August, 1942.

RUMBLINGS FROM THE ERECTION SHOP

AND it came to pass that the Station Master gave the high-sign and a new section came into being. True, it was only new in name; a name which will not deceive our many friends and supporters for a moment, for this sparkling bunch of boys had long been known and admired as the "Erection Gang"—stout fellows, accomplished scroungers and rejuvenators of cheese-eyes (worn-out aeroplanes, to you!).

To those who have missed us for a day or two (particularly the dopier dopers in 4 Hangar) let us hasten to say that we will be back. Yes, fellows, we will be back. Nevertheless, words fail us when we try to express our feelings on receipt of a wreath and a box of chocolates from A.R.S. personnel in 4 and 5 Hangars. We know what sacrifice went into that token of sorrow and respect, obtained so far from pay day—Thanks, men!

The strange thing is that we were in No. 6 Hangar all the time. Of course, that is getting into the jungle a bit, and our friends could hardly be expected to find us there. To tell the truth we were feted so much on arrival in No. 6 Hangar that we had little time to communicate with anyone, but now that things are returning to normal we shall be seen in public more often. Apropos of nothing in particular, we found yellow dope an excellent cure for a black eye. Try it some time!

As we go to press we have another new address to announce. Elusive critters, aren't we? We now carry on business in No. 9 Hangar. It was very hard to part from the boys in No. 6 and more than one rigger was observed furtively wiping away a tear. But cheer up, boys, we are just across the tarmac, and you are welcome anytime. Just give us enough time to get the oil boiling and the axe sharpened! In addition, be careful as you cross the track. Incidentally, we brook no argument as to which is the right side of the track and we expect hourly that Administration will be moved to this side.

We have large quantities of the commodity which caused the demise of the cat, so we would like to know:

How the S.W.O. keeps up that fine chest?

Why the Senior N.C.O.'s. don't have batmen?

How all the rumors get started? That one about no more 48's really shakes us to the core.

Why we can't sleep in after a late night? A new AC2 slipped this one in and we are printing it just to honor the freedom of the Press. His education is the hobby of our disciplinarian.

That's about all for this issue, folks. We had two more pages of manuscript but the censor wouldn't pass it. However, it can be viewed for a small fee at No. 9 Hangar.—W.D.B.



YESTER YEAR

(REMINISCING WITH THE S.A.O.)

AS I look at the modern aeroplane I am awed by the number of gadgets to the same extent as I was frightened by the lack of them in the aircraft of 1917. In those days there were few instruments and the course of instruction was much shorter. I recall in course No. 3 at the School of Aeronautics in conjunction with the University of Toronto, that we studied the OX5 Curtiss engine, the fuselage and wing construction of the JN4 Curtiss Bi-plane. Although we received a fair insight into the theory of internal combustion engines, and were quite proud of the "revs" and power developed, to our chagrin, we had it forcibly brought to our attention that reliability could stand considerable improvement.

We were turned out in a Private Soldier's uniform of khaki, with a forage cap bearing a white band, of which we were very proud, and as my number 70236 was shouted out on pay day, I along with the others took my \$1.10 per day. The boys wearing Wedge caps at the Flying Instructional School at Toronto looked down with disdain upon we poor individuals, who had the misfortune of wearing a forage cap because we had never soloed. However, this sophomore insult did not last long in any case, as the fellow who took over three hours dual was considered rather incapable and a bit of a mug.

This training consisted of take-offs, landings and cross-country flying, with no aerobatics. As a matter of fact the boys used to turn out when Vernon Castle took a machine up to do a stall.

Our flying was done at the break of dawn and my flying instructor was a very fine chap, a thorough gentleman by the name of Coates, who used to track around with Vernon Castle. He was a son of the wealthy Silk Thread Manufacturer in the Old Country, and has since passed on. I have very pleasant memories of him. He told me I was ready to solo and as it was a dual machine to be flown from the rear seat, I asked for the privilege of one trip around with me in the rear. He put his big mittens on the cowl in front of me and yelled for me to let

her go. I took it around and made a landing. It was one of those wheel type Buffalo Curtiss Machines. When he told me that I could fly, he shook hands and advised me not to turn the machine but to let the torque bring it around, which instructions I carried out and again brought the machine down alone to blow a tire. I taxied in immediately and much to the disgust of my pals, put on my wedge cap after this preliminary canter.

We were sent to Borden to learn Machine Gunnery, Wireless Telegraphy, Photography and after about 12 to 15 hours soloing, were presented with our wings and sent Overseas with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. Upon arrival at the advanced training bases in the Old Country, we were told that we did not know how to fly and to take our wings down, and before long we realized that we did not know a great deal. The machines which most of us went on were fitted with Rotary Motors, entirely different in principle and with considerable torque. We had little wind-mills for pressure pumps, which used to freeze up continuously and in many cases caused forced landings. The AK-emmas were first, second and third grade and encountered much the same difficulties as our mechanics do today. Their maternity jackets were always full of grease and grime and the language at times could equal anything I have heard before or since. Again the question of reliability entered into the picture and a good deal of our training was dead stick landings in order that we might be able to bring down a powerless plane.

The instructors took individual interest in their pupils. They would stand out on the Aerodrome with a list of those things they had told us to do (aerobatics), and would watch to see that they were carried out. It was at these schools in England that the first realization that a spin was not fatal dawned upon our class.

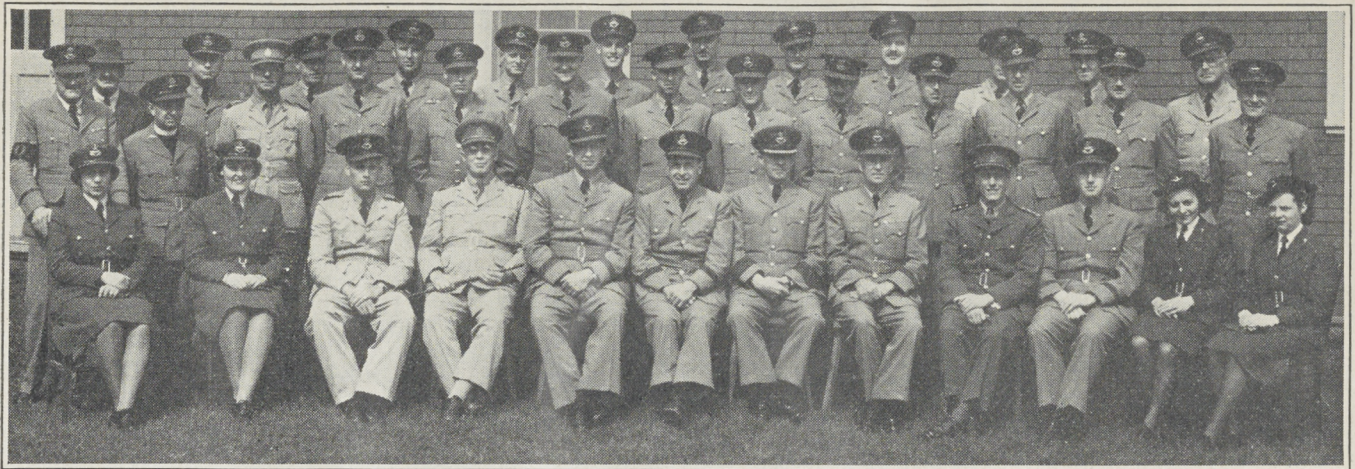
All this little story of training in World War No. 1 is by way of contrast with the B.C.A.T.P. of today. Thoroughness in instruction, adequate dual and hours of solo under instruction has given our boys the chance that was so sadly needed by the many who lost their lives in the experimental training of the last war. Canada should be proud of what she has accomplished and of the splendid material that she is supplying to the Empire in the aircrew graduates of today.



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A RECENT PICTURE OF PART OF THE STAFF, MANY OF WHOM ARE NOW POSTED

Front Row (Left to Right): A.S.O. Watt, E. G.; A.S.O. Wickson, J. M.; F.L. D. N. C. McIntyre; Captain H. B. Gorrell; S.L. R. W. Laing; F.L. T. A. Spear; G.C. A. O. Adams; F.L. T. F. Cooper; Captain W. I. Jackson; F.L. J. E. Rose; N.S. Lack; N.S. N. A. Buchanan.

Middle Row (Left to Right): F.O. G. B. Haywood; H.F.L. G. St. Jacques; Mr. F. E. Skinner; F.O. H. W. Hill; F.L. D. F. Archibald; F.O. R. Stevenson; F.O. J. B. Graham; F.O. R. S. Scott; F.O. C. L. Nevill; F.O. D. E. H. Hurlbut; F.O. A. L. Sharpham; F.O. H. W. G. Fuller; F.L. H. W. Jenkins.

Back Row (Left to Right): Mr. Leitch; F.O. E. C. Diefenbaker; F.O. J. C. G. Hood; F.L. D. O. Eshelman; F.L. E. L. Musgrave; P.O. H. B. Young; F.O. H. H. Hessenflow; F.O. J. C. Cowan; F.O. W. E. Algie; F.O. G. R. Moar; F.L. J. Gray; F.L. W. B. Swanton.

OFFICERS' MESS-DEMEANOURS

Flying Officer JENKINS is usually "at home on the range" since he relinquished the duties of P.M.C.

Great SCOTT!! We hear about the Machine Shop in the Mess, as well as getting a FULLER report on A.R.S.

One remarkable result in the flow of recruits is the HESSONFLOW.

The S.A.O. says: "I'm full of ideas! I can really make a mess—I always tie a granny knot instead of a reef knot." This, incidentally is not in accordance with the Gospel of St. John.

The Editor of "HOODwinks" has done considerable scrounging. No wonder the HOOD was reduced to "Salvage."

The Adjutant is the SPEAR-head of the Mess.

Apart from being an excellent cook, Frank Reichart knows something about the breeding of thoroughbred felines.

A pet hobby of the Auxiliary Services Officer in the Mess is the peeling of apples. After all, he's a SKINNER.

Santa Claus comes but once a year, but we have Sugar KAINS with us constantly.

Flying Officer TOFT was convicted of boisterous conduct, was put across the road, but is still within earshot of No. 8.

The ALGAE family is indigenous to the Stevenson Swamp, and at times being in hot water, becomes water-logged.

By the way, why is the Padre always on the jump? He introduced Waltzing Matilda in the Mess.

The MARSHALL of the Air Force supplies more than one BOB'S worth of fun in the Mess.

Flight Lieutenant ROBERTS makes his nightly fairy forage flights into the kitchen and de-baconizes it.

Flying Officer BURTON is not a connoisseur of cooking, but he made a "Cook's Tour" of the tarmac when the W.D.'s arrived on the Station.

Messing Officer MCINTYRE, like Napoleon, believes that an Air Force moves on its stomach. If this is so some should go a long way.

The Orderly Officer does not invite complaints in the Mess because he knows what they are.

Obsolete complaints—brown bread—corn on the cob.

Flying Officer GRAHAM'S contribution—suggestion that all flies be taken off subsistence.

Single-Shot ADAMS, with one partridge, one pinnated grouse (Prairie Chicken to you) and one duck, is now gunning, with the

fourth cartridge, for a goose. We have warned Barnum and Bailey not to bring their elephants this year.

Incidentally, one live PARTRIDGE flew back to Rockcliffe recently.

Certain Officers may have been improving their already excellent culinary arts at the expense of certain ardent bird-chasers. Our deep suspicion was founded upon certain pleased looks—you know the kind—of the cat that ate the canary—or could it have been a larger bird? We realize the delicate attraction of legs and wings to some people, but suggest that the dismembered body smells too much of suspicion to be left lying about.

* * * * *

It is almost a year ago since we lost "Bar-racks." He has left his mark at No. 8 and his "hairmen" still remember him, for—

"He's like da Depot ver' much
He's always mak' da pun,
You nevaire see one man like such
He's always mak' da fun.

Then again, some have recollections . . .

"For hairmen he has make la guerre
An' some go up on charge,
Some wish dey was at Ville St. Pierre,
Far 'way on great big barge."

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VICTOR SCOTT

LIBYA LETTER

FOLLOWING is part of a letter received by F/O Haywood from a friend in the 1st Battalion, R.T.R., attached to the 7th Armoured Division, M.E.F., operating in Libya and submitted to the editor with kind permission to print for the benefit of those who may be interested:

"You know of course that I'm driving a tank and have been doing so since landing on the blue. In this capacity I have been mixed up in various affairs and must say that though my senility prevented me from the joining the R.A.F. to take an active part in the air, there have been times when I could not have desired more excitement.

"This job is all that can be desired by a chap who wants movement but it soon knocks all the glamour out of his ideas and calls for some sober thinking. Lots of fellows have been through much more than I have experienced, many will never tell the tale but it's a man's job and as long as I can serve in this capacity I shall at least feel that I have pulled with the best of them and done one job in life which calls for all it takes. I'm not claiming to have succeeded in this but I've done my best and am proud to be with the 'berets.' It makes one realize how insignificant we all are and how much we should value the good things of life when they are so abundant and easily obtained. Why, it seems almost beyond realization that water in unlimited quantities can be obtained by just turning a tap. There have been times when we have not been permitted to wash or shave, in fact it has been a chargeable offence to look clean. Times have been really good when we have completed all ablutions in a mug of water—teeth first, then shave and finally wash. Some of these old desert sweats could float a battleship on a cup of water with a little manoeuvring here and there. Heat is very trying on this job, especially when stationary, but, I don't know—it's amazing what the human frame can put up with when tried. I imagine the temperature inside must have easily reached 160-180 degrees during hot days and both the wireless boys and I, have, after continuous work finished up by removing the soles of our feet with our socks. It sort of cuts both ways, when standing still the sun makes the inside like an oven and when on the move mechani-

cal heat plays hell with any part of the anatomy adjacent to the works. Poor Ginger (Wireless Operator) has a very tender skin and what that bloke goes through none in a civilized country would believe or could credit. I can't imagine how he remains so cheerful during the constant process of peeling and perspiring, then to make life a little more unpleasant we all have spells of desert sores. Two of us are under treatment at present. The damned things develop within half an hour of breaking the skin and from then on its alternate forming, peeling of scabs and a watery discharge is oozing out the whole time. Then of course the b - - - - flies get cracking and by the time they finish tearing at the spot it's quite a beauty. Bandages and plaster aren't always too handy so you can imagine the mad and frantic waving of arms to keep these filthy blood suckers at bay until dressings can be applied. Oh, it's a grand place this desert. When first up here I used to dread the thought of sleeping on the sand or rock on account of crawling things but time and loss of sleep made me get used to the idea and with three exceptions when scorpions rolled out with me in the morning I have been fairly lucky.

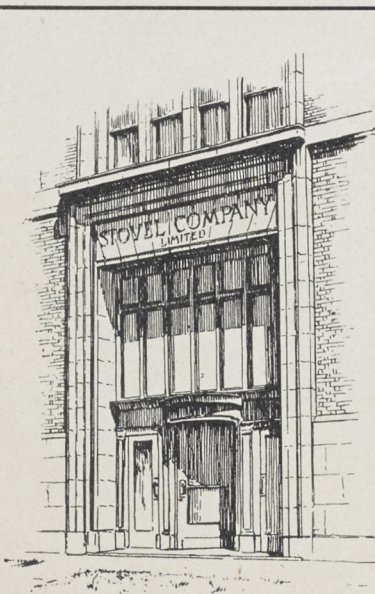
"We are self-contained (each crew) and do our own cooking, rations are sent to us each day and by sheer inventive genius and a lot of luck we manage to turn out some pretty snappy eats. Ginger is a boy for fried pastry, he has made some fig jour turnovers this afternoon but we can't convince him that it would be better to use fresh margarine on this job rather than that which we fried the onions in for breakfast. I have put across a bit of sales talk with the driver of the truck that replenishes the Officers' Mess and as a result of which we sometimes aspire to a plutocratic feast. Oh, I wouldn't change places for all their comfort, I've had that, but I've learned and appreciated more from this free, nomadic, generous comradeship than any comfortable stereotyped billet would have produced. It's experience I like—wide and varied and by God eighteen months of this rough stuff has just about done me a world of good morally, though I have no doubt that physically, I shall have aged ten years and will be all out and finished with the sport of youth. Needless to say I give this a little thought at times even though it has been as much as six and eight months on end without even the sight of a dusky damsel.

The desert is strewn with derelicts and spent shell cases, one or two tanks burnt out completely, clothing and debris of all sorts littered everywhere. Standing in the centre of all this is a Portee, beside this a grave newly dug with the poor devil's torn and blood stained tunic still lying in the sand. Blown over the grave were airgraph letters written to the fellow's wife and mother but as yet—unposted, also letters from home to him. I noticed a passage on one of his airgraphs which stated that he was fed up with the constant waiting and was glad that at last things were on the move. I did not read further as it would have been sacrilege to read final words and penned thoughts from a man who would never see or speak to his wife again. This is what I wrote:

No place so desolate or grey
This battlefield of yesterday.
No monument so grim or yet so grand
To mark the site of this last stand;
A lifeless gun, a battered truck,
The desert strewn with war's foul muck,
And close beside this twisted mess—a grave.
A heap of sand, a wooden cross
Is all that marks their country's loss.

No marble slab or granite wall
With words inscribed to tell us all:
No need of this—'tis written there
In twisted metal, shell seared wood.
They lie there where they fought and stood,
No flowers have they, instead those
Letters lying here and there from those
They love—With these no
Flowers could compare.

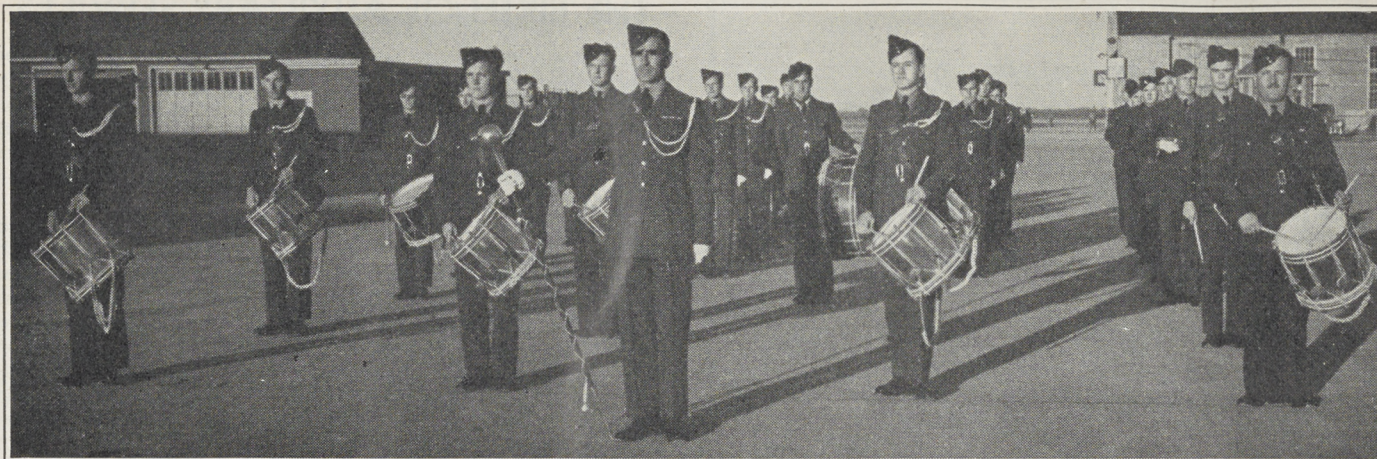
Sincerely yours, BILL."



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... "AND IT COMES OUT HERE"

The Pied Pipers of Number 8, who so successfully arouse the boys from their usual morning lethargy to start the day off with a bang, come into line with customary gusto, for this, the first Station literary "Parade."

We take this opportunity of enlightening the reader, who may wonder just how a small body of men can create such a fuss on parade each morning, by doing a little "blowing" on behalf of the band.

There are only thirty-seven active members, consisting of ten drummers and twenty-seven trumpeters. It would take little to convince those who, not so very long ago, heard weird noises, like the plaintive wailing of banshees, emanating from one of the hangers, that these budding young virtuosos had never fluted a blow before.

It was on April 20, 1942, that it was decided the boys should

march to music. Flight Lieutenant Cooper, who has had many and varied experiences as organizer and conductor of bands, and who, in his own right is no mean cornetist, offered his assistance. He was aided and abetted by W.O.2 MacPherson and Sergeant Hutchinson. Sergeant Dunk Brown, the snake charmer, cuts no mean figure as leader of the band. By virtue of his contacts and associations in the past with bands of all kinds, he is well equipped to contribute indispensable help and advice in its behalf.

The members of this elite group represent every section of the Station. They have worked tirelessly, donating their after-working-hours to this worthy cause, and can now proudly lay claim to having been hailed as a great success at their several recent public performances. With pride, we wish them the best of luck and further successes in the days to come.—The Editor.

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THE BIRTH OF AUXILIARY SERVICES

THE lessons learned from the aftermath of the last war were brought vividly to mind with the realization that, as in the previous struggle, the men of our armed forces were not professional soldiers but civilians, who could not be expected to adapt themselves to the rigorous routine of service life without sacrificing many of the amenities of the social and cultural life to which they had become accustomed.

The older men are fully aware of what their own generation lost by participation in the last war. Those young men who returned to Canada found that they were about five years behind the times. Time had literally marched on, and they were obliged to compete on unequal terms with another generation who had been too young to participate in the conflict, in a completely changed economic system. Other jobs had to be found, and other skills developed. This period of re-habilitation, the transition period in the metamorphosis of a fighting man into a self-supporting citizen, was fraught with many difficulties and disappointments. There were civil re-establishment courses made available for returned men, and in many cases, these were taken advantage of with good results, but many, for varied reasons, were unable to make use of the limited technical and business training available at the time.

Consideration of the difficulties encountered in these two periods of re-adjustment, i.e., joining the services and leaving the services, resulted in the springing up of voluntary organizations of progressive citizens, determined to do whatever possible to assist our fighting men during and after their period of war service. These organizations, together with those already in existence, offered services of an Auxiliary nature to our forces, such as educational facilities, entertainment, mobile canteens, field and camp comforts, libraries, Personal Services, and others not normally provided by the Military, Naval or Air Force authorities.

The birth of Auxiliary Services as we know it today was brought about by the establishment of a separate branch of the Department of National Defence, known as the Directorate of Auxiliary Services. With the help of other organizations such as the Canadian Legion, Y.M.C.A., etc., it is enabled to render services of an exceedingly high standard to the men who are fighting the war today. Realizing that it is these men who will be active participants in the reconstruction period of tomorrow everything possible is being done to minimize their difficulties while away from home.

One branch, the Canadian Legion Educational Services, is offering free correspondence courses in practically all school subjects enabling thousands of young men to either supplement or complete their educations. Free technical courses, together with certain correspondence courses provided by some of our Universities at a purely nominal fee, are helping to make the service man a more efficient fighter as well as preparing him for a better job in civilian life.

Immediate information regarding these courses and other Auxiliary Services may be obtained from Mr. F. E. Skinner, or Unit Education Officer, Pilot Officer Hill.

On this station, the Canadian Legion has been given the task of providing Auxiliary Services. No problem is too large or too small for the supervisor to deal with, and since the whole machinery of the Canadian Legion is at your service, we invite you to make use of it.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The editor takes advantage of this space to express, on behalf of the Commanding Officer and personnel of No. 8 Repair Depot, sincere appreciation for the many benefits received through this service.

To Mr. Skinner we tender a grateful vote of thanks for his untiring efforts in sports and entertainment activities not to mention the countless individual courtesies extended by him.

Due to the shortage of space it has been impossible for the Editor to publish several articles that were received just prior to sending this issue to press. Regrets are extended to the Equipment and Armament Sections and others along with sincere appreciation for the efforts expended.

The Airmen's Tribute to the Men in Battle-Dress

For you, our pals in battle-dress,
It's time to take a bow;
We'll tell the world, in this man's war,
You've done a job—and how!
It hasn't been an easy job;
As we who've watched you know—
Nor have you shared our luck as yet
Your stuff in full to show.
You've had to work like Hell and wait
For two long years and more
Nor has Publicity's acclaim
Held much for you in store;
But when your time comes, as it must
By all the Gods of War,
The Hun will find out to his cost
What you've been waiting for!

On you, our pals in battle-dress
We airmen must depend—
For what it takes us to begin,
It's up to you to end!
Your tanks and your artillery,
Your armoured cars and guns
Will clear the earth, as we the sky,
Of Hitler and his Huns.
And every bomb we drop is just
A warning in advance
That he who's lost his shirt to us,
To you will lose his pants!
While we who bear the torch aloft
May play the opening role,
The Cause of Freedom in your hands
Will reach its final goal.

To our pals in battle-dress
From us in air force blue,
Here's luck and best of hunting
To the last man jack of you!
The way things look to us right now,
It won't be very long
Before, in person, you'll collect
For comrades of Hong Kong!
For every khaki-clad Canuck
Who made the Sacrifice,
The Prince of Darkness and his friends
Will pay a bitter price—
A bogus and a busted seer
Will finally confess
"I might have licked the world, but for
These men in battle-dress."

—SQN/LDR. G. L. CREED, R.C.A.F.

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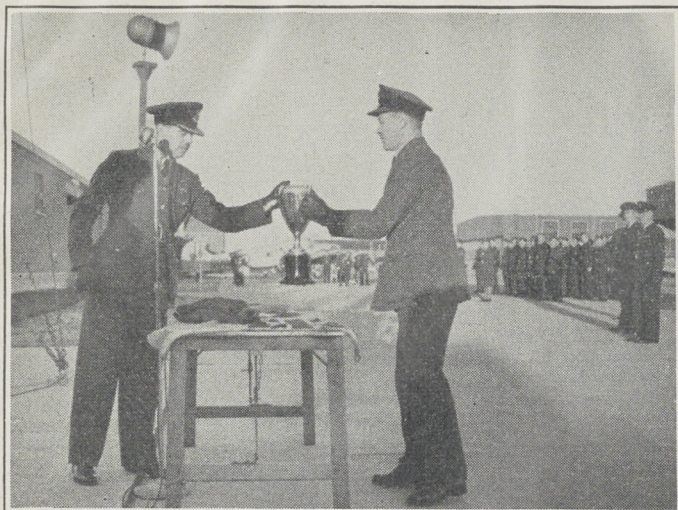
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THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S TROPHY

The Commanding Officer is shown presenting his trophy to Flt/Lt. Gray who accepted it for A.R.S., the winners for the month of September.

This trophy is competed for monthly by all sections and marks are awarded for Sports, Drill, Deportment, Barracks and general appearance of the sections. It has created considerable interest resulting in keen intersectional competition.

In September, the marks were as follows: Airframe Repair Section, 160; General Engineering Section, 156; Engine Repair Section, 145; Headquarters, 137.

During October, Headquarters reversed the tables and came out on top, heading the list as follows: Headquarters, 243; Airframe Repair Section, 216; General Engineering Section, 201; Engine Repair Section, 119.

At the time of going to press, the results for November have not been established but it is expected that the trophy will again change hands.

AIRMEN'S DANCE

The Airmen's Opening Fall Dance was held in the Airmen's Mess on Saturday, October 10th, with the scintillating music supplied by No. 2 Training Command orchestra.

Our Auxiliary Service Officer, Mr. Skinner, Flt.-Lt. Cooper, and Cpl. Trumbley took turns as Master of Ceremonies. Incidentally Flt.-Lt. Cooper assisted the orchestra in a couple of numbers by accompanying them with his inimitable whistling.

F/O Fuller, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was kept well-occupied in his duties as Orderly Officer but he managed to find time to poke his nose in now and again to get a glimpse of the merry-making.

Also in evidence at the dance were officers of the Women's Division, Assistant Section Officer Wickson, and Assistant Section Officer Watt, who enjoyed the odd dance themselves.

Among the gay colours of the feminine costumes could be seen the airforce blue of the W.D.'s uniforms—not very many of them it is true, but just wait until the next airmen's dance!

The highlight of the evening, however, was the spot dances. The winners of the first spot dance, Miss Harriet Bedard and Cpl. Frank Wenjina, were presented with their prizes by the Commanding Officer, while Flt./Lt. Cooper presented the chocolates and cigarettes to the winners of the second spot dance, Miss Irene Taylor and L.A.C. Bedford, D.C.

It was a good party and we hope we shall have another one soon. The Entertainment Committee deserves a hand for all the trouble and hard work they undertook for the enjoyment of all concerned.

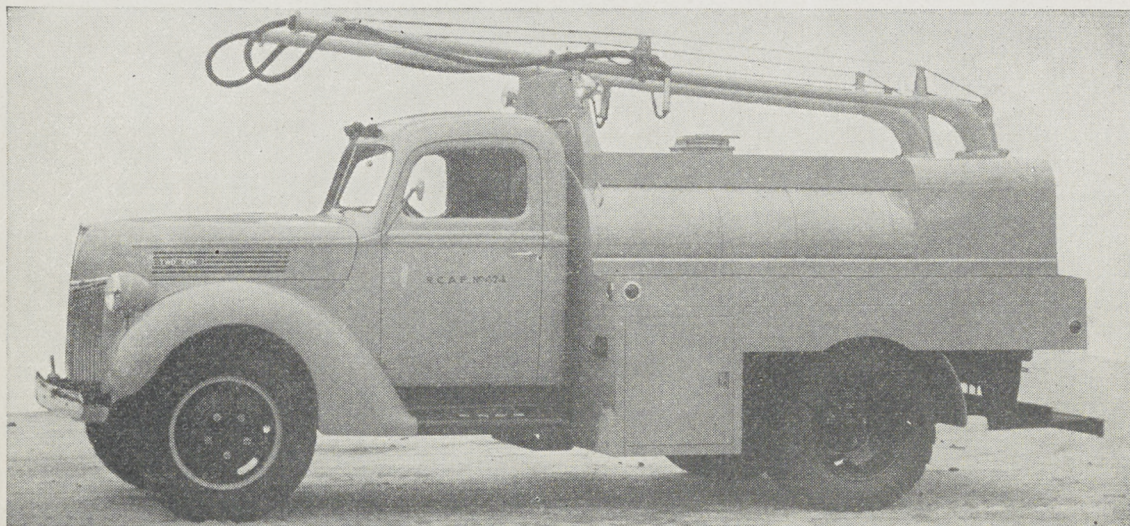
THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Comm. Flight would like to know why E.R.S. don't wash their test stand Battle once in a while.

What a certain Orderly Officer said when he found out that he could not qualify for his wings by trying to take off from the tarmac even with the aid of the slip stream from the above mentioned "Battle."

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THE PADRE'S CORNER

ONE of the most difficult tasks of this global war in which we are involved is realizing and maintaining a proper perspective.

It is difficult on a Station such as this, where the majority are engaged in routine work which permits a comparatively normal life, to remain aware of the tremendous proportions of the struggle. If its magnitude was realized it would lend to our work a quality of urgency. We must never lose sight of the fact that our efforts though apparently lacking inspiration or glamour, are an essential part of a titanic conflict which involves not only the survival of life, but, what is more important, the survival of a way of life.

There is another aspect to this question of perspective of which we need to be reminded. The struggle that is taking place in the world today is not only against an aggressive enemy, but against a diseased mentality. Nazism properly understood is a disease of the mind and spirit of men and nations, and as such cannot be destroyed by armed force. It manifests itself in distorted ideas, ideals and actions. It is a lust for power, giving the lie to the basic virtues of mercy, love, beauty and truth. Being the essence of cynicism, it laughs at freedom and makes a mockery of justice. It is Evil militant.

We strike at the virus of a plague wherever it is found, and must remember that this pestilence is not restricted to those humans whom we now fight as our enemies. Germs thrive wherever favorable conditions prevail, regardless of racial or national boundaries and we can be sure that the black plague of Nazism will flourish wherever there is indifference to justice, abuse of freedom or wherever selfish man seeks his own good before another's.

The world will be cleansed of this vile infection only when men will "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." The measure of our ability to believe in and fight for just that will be a determining factor in the winning of the war and the establishment of a lasting peace.

It is rather difficult to define a Padre's work, but I desire that mine shall be helpful not only to enable the maintenance of a proper perspective but to serve the human factor in any capacity within my power.

I appreciate being Padre of Number 8 Repair Depot and find myself looking forward to my work with the personnel of this Station. In this connection I hope you will not hesitate to seek what help I may be able to give. You will not be given a sermon if you come into my office, for I promise to reserve this for Sunday mornings. Come in and get acquainted.

—The Padre.

FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE

DESPITE alleged permission for a Station Movie, Director Patton and Camera-Man McIntyre developed a furtive appearance as they padded gingerly about the Station. Indeed, they became the objects of great curiosity as they slunk down the tarmac, pockets bulging, leather kits over hunched shoulders, ever accompanied by the inimitable Watson dragging his floodlight behind him.

The reason for their uneasiness was, of course, the ever present fear that they were under the ubiquitous eye of the D.A.P.M. Frequent encounters with the cold and kipped stare enabled McIntyre to return glance for glance and glibly state that his camera case was a first-aid kit. Patton merely trudged along, impervious and oblivious, behind a pair of dark glasses. They were not sky-larking when they clambered over the Administration Building or a Hangar roof, hid in ditches or enlisted the aid of a fire truck to make a quick get-away. However ludicrous these antics appeared to the casual observer, they were effective. These innocuous tactics did produce results, for the Station Film is now completed and, it is hoped, Patton and McIntyre will again take up their place as law-abiding members of No. 8.



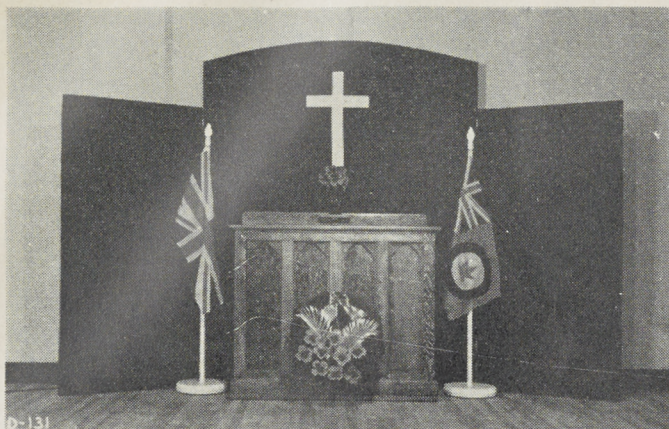
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"LEST WE FORGET"

As an adjunct to Remembrance Day Services, a shrine was erected on the stage in the Airmen's Mess Hall as a silent tribute to those who paid the Supreme Sacrifice in the last war.

A screen of blue velvet was placed behind the Padre's altar. At the top of the centre portion and directly above the altar, was a white cross, symbolic of the Sacrifice once made. At one side of it was the Union Jack, and on the other the Air Force ensign. These were on miniature flag staffs which were surmounted by white candle lamps. On the altar itself was a vase of poppies, and at the base, in front, a poppy wreath. The whole shrine was illuminated by a spotlight, and made a very impressive setting. The lights were switched on at midnight, November 10th, and off at midnight, November 11th.

A station Wing Parade was held at 10:50 hours on November 11th, at which veterans now in the service, as well as those employed in a civilian capacity, were given a place of honor in front of the parade. Prayers were read by the padre and the usual two-minute silence observed.

A LOTTA STUFF

*There's much less rubber for you and me,
And much less gas to spill out,
And much less sugar to sweeten tea—
But many more forms to fill out:*

*Forms that ask for your last name first,
Forms that beg for your names reversed,
Forms with pages of printed dope
You couldn't read with a microscope,
Forms to plead for defence priorities,
Forms to mail to the wrong authorities,
Green forms, yellow forms, sky-blue-pink forms,
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY and PLEASE USE INK*

*forms,
Single forms, double forms, triplicate forms,
Half of them probably out-of-date forms—
FORMS!*

*There's much less traffic to make us wroth,
And much less time to take out,
And much less wool for the haggard moth—
But many more blanks to make out:*

*Blanks with spaces you just put X in,
Blanks with your age, height, weight and sex in,
Blanks to swear to and blanks to swear at,
With dotted lines that you dassent tear at,
Blanks with blocks that you mustn't write in
Spacious enough to fly a kite in
And a slot the size of a pygmy flea
For a resume of your history!
Gas blanks, draft blanks, tax blanks, bank blanks.
And just plain blankety-blank-blank-blank-blanks-
BLANKS!*

—SUBMITTED BY A CIVILIAN

REGINA, SASK.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

MOOSE JAW, SASK.

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E. R. S. ALPHABET

By

A.C.1 Sid Gilboddy and Jimmie Wallwork

- A** is for Aircraft, the reason we're here,
We hoped to see Spitfires, but did we—no fear!
- B** is for Bell, Jimmy rings at the break,
If he should be early, 'twould be by mistake.
- C** is for Corporals, we have such a lot,
We could do without 'em but the Air Force thinks not.
- D**'s for Design of the engines we've got,
We think the designers could improve quite a lot.
- E** is for Engines, our cause for concern,
Though we know much about them, there's lots more to learn.
- F** is for Files, use them we must,
If we take too much off, then we're bound to get cussed.
- G** is for Grease, in which we get covered in,
We slip on it too, and raise bumps on our skin.
- H** is for Hangar, this one we mention,
Where all special work gets especial attention.
- I** is for Ink, used by us all,
To write letters home in a terrible scrawl.
- J** is for Jokes, they keep us so cheery,
Just at those times we're inclined to be weary.
- K** is for Knocks, which sometimes draw blood,
But a man in the office at first aid's quite good.
- L** is for Leave, we suggest we get more,
Just two extra weeks, would not make us feel sore.
- M** is for Merlins sent to us for repair,
When they leave here, they are fit for the air.
- N** is for Notice Board, we should study each day.
It wouldn't make much difference if they took it away.
- O** is for Office, it's a treat to work there,
With your feet on the desk dozing back in your chair.
- P** is for Pay Day we can't do without,
It should be more often, of that there's no doubt.
- Q** is Queue formed 'fore we eat,
Sometimes it's fish and sometimes it's meat.
- R** is for Riggers, they're less than the dust,
We scorn to observe them except when we must.
- S** is for Smoke Period, it's Coke Time too,
When we all have a rest and have nothing to do.
- T** is for Tarmac, where we all do our drill,
When the command is "Dismiss" we do that with a will.
- U** is for Uniforms that improve our disguise,
Except when the stores give us the wrong size.
- V** is for Victory which will come bye and bye.
The canteen that night will sure be drained dry.
- W** is for Work, let each do his share,
Our engines are needed to keep planes in the air.
- X** is for Expert, we'll all be one day,
When all aero engines have passed right away.
- Y** is for Yell, if the hammer should slip,
Or your hand in the pliers you happen to nip.
- Z** is for Zink where we wash off the grease,
This is the end so we leave you in peace.

WELL GUARDED



One of our guard shifts on duty during the recent Victory Loan Campaign. From left to right: Cpl. Jodrell, L.A.C.'s O'Hara, Woodbridge, Fortney, Schmidt, Bohemier.

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"—ENOUGH SAID"

The S.A.O.
F/LT. W. B. BANFIELD
—The Burgomaster

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION

PRACTICALLY all successful ventures throughout history, no matter what the extent, have been due primarily to efficient organization and able administration.

Any embryonic organization can prove its inherent soundness, or otherwise, from an organizational and practical administrative standpoint, by its ability to meet any outgrowth therefrom. An organization, whose basic foundations can support a phenomenal growth with endless ramifications, can claim success.

Sound administration throughout an entire organization, from its peak down to the smallest unit, must be systematized in order to function smoothly. Sound organization will produce the maximum of power at a given point, at the right time.

Good organization is a finely adjusted machine which will achieve a constant rate of flow which can be used as a positive guide for productive comparisons and may be added to, or subtracted from, by methodical movements of men and material.

Control in good organization is delegated to heads of the different branches to interpret the policies and, with the advice of specialists, to formulate plans. These, when put into execution through the organization, insure co-ordinated effort. The head of each service is responsible for his particular sphere of administration only.

The qualities of an executive are dependent upon both professional ability and temperament, and no amount of the former will counterbalance unsuitability of the latter. The greatest care, therefore, should be exercised in the choice of executives for employment in key positions.

The responsibilities of executives are dual. Not only do they assist the chief executive in performing his functions, but they assist the staff to complete the allotted tasks. Every executive must keep these principles continually in mind in order that he may give both aspects attention.

Organization is, therefore, something more than system. The basic principle of organization is co-operation. This facilitates executive control and achievement of policies.

Elasticity and individual initiative must be preserved and relied upon heavily, for it is almost impossible to foresee everything that ought to be done.

The fundamentals of organization then consist in the provision for automatic initiative, the establishment of appropriate regulations relating to executive control through a positive chain of responsibility. If the system is adequate, elimination of waste time and effort is effected, and at the same time all effort is directed towards the completion of the main task.—T.A.S.

A REPLY TO "FREDDIE FITTER"

Having had the pleasure of reading the "Dedication to our Friends in E.R.S." the following is in answer. By "Freddie Fitter."

*There's a poem in this mag.,
Which has caused our tongues to wag,
It is written by a rigger, quite a lad,
He says an A.E.M.'s a dud,
Who's brainwork's clear as mud,
His opinion really makes us feel quite sad.*

*We take comfort in this thought,
And the riggers really ought
To remember these things ere they libel us.
This is just a lot of spoof,
For what rigger tells the truth,
'Twas their jealousy that started all this fuss.*

*If instead of putting patches,
On microscopic scratches,
They got down to plugging all the latest gen.,
In some years they might aspire
To the state that's so much higher,
The select group known as Aero Engine Men.*



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SERGEANTS' MESS MUSINGS

"Sgts. Mess Musings," yes, I know it's a bromide, but it is a natural, you must admit. And how we muse! Especially at our monthly assemblies where we always have a few perennial musers (or it it muses?) who can be relied upon to inject a little action should the meeting take on the aspect of the London Conservative Club.

Bearing in mind the probable wide circulation of this magazine, the name of which is suggestive of the parade ground which conjures visions of a wind swept tarmac, freezing ears and noses, petrified undercarriages and—let's see, what was I saying about circulation—Oh yes, it starts at the left ventricle, no! the right tricycle, no! that's a bicycle—well, you see what a first aid course does to you. Honestly! I have got so that I paint my breakfast eggs with iodine before cutting the tops off.

Getting back to our musings, perhaps some of our readers would like to know what the Senior N.C.O.'s do muse about in their mess. (I refuse to attempt an explanation for the air of concentrated devotion to duty they adopt in the daytime.) It goes something like this: Mr. Chairman, "Meeting is open for general business"—W.O.2 Wheeler, "Mr. Chairman! On the subject of reading matter in the Mess; I have in the past started to read a current magazine and had to leave it unfinished in order to go back to work (short pause to allow devotion to work to be noted by the armchair brigade) and on returning to the Mess later the same day I have been unable to find said magazine. This has happened so often that I have started buying my own magazine, in spite of the fact that I come from Lancashire. Couldn't we stamp all our magazines to discourage the practice of borrowing?"—Speaker sits down—Up jumps F/S Blanshard, "Mr. Chairman! It's a mystery to me why anyone would appropriate the ancient volumes we have on our shelves, some of them are about Boer War vintage and one of our popular number is the Aero Digest for September, 1929; why not take advantage of the offer in A.F.R.O's and buy 70 Penguin Books for one pound, fifteen shillings? We can well afford it!" (He's a Yorkshireman). The Chairman neatly postpones further discussion by asking the member concerned to put a written motion on the board before the next meeting. Then the matter of the new extension to the Mess comes up—immediately the snooker fans claim 40 per cent of the floor space and the table tennis enthusiasts make a bid for about 25 per cent. The Chairman then reminds us that space will have to be reserved for a store room. Then some of the plain lazy, easy chair enthusiasts stagger to their feet and inquire if it would be feasible to get two or three chairs in some unused corner. By this time there is a tension which generates that well known brotherliness of the Sergeant's Mess which makes a membership worth while.

That, my friends, is a glimpse into our Mess, in fact any Sergeants' Mess, but before closing I wish to include a few pertinent facts about our Mess in particular.

Early in 1941, W/C Lacey, R.A.F., WO.1 Barleycorn (John of that ilk) and F/S R. Scott started to organize a Sergeants' Mess. (By the way, this same Flight Sergeant was soon the focal point of that rare phenomenon "Being commissioned from the ranks.") Mess furnishings were obtained from No. 112, City of Winnipeg Squadron, R.C.A.F. (N.P.) which relieved the financial burden considerably. The Committee made such good progress that a Mess Smoker was held in October, 1941, at which time the Mess was officially opened.

At present—like Johnny Walker, "It is still going strong" and if I may intrude a commercial, it's a good place to send your discarded books—please.

WHO SAID THIS?

Here is a quotation that has a familiar ring:

"The British Nation can be counted upon to carry through to victory any struggle that it once enters upon, no matter how long such a struggle may last, or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary, or whatever the means that have to be employed."

Who said this? Was it Pitt for example? Or Winston Churchill?

No. It was written by an Austrian, Adolf Hitler, in a book called "Mein Kampf."

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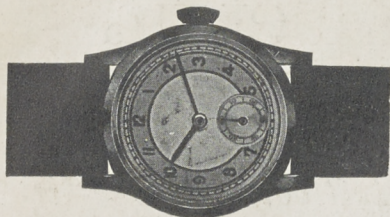
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NO. 8 SPORTS SUMMARY

DURING the summer Softball was the outstanding sport. A station team was entered in the Winnipeg Senior Softball League and although they did not reach the top, a very favorable showing was made, giving F/S Moffatt, the team manager, cause for much optimism in regard to next season. A station league was also formed and keen competition took place. A.R.S. finished in first place as far as league standing was concerned but E.R.S. managed to come out victorious in the play off after a well fought series.

Upon announcement of a tennis tournament, entries were received from all sections and an indication of a brilliant display of tennis skill appeared likely. Revisions to the schedule to provide for changes in personnel due to postings, illness, and the call for harvesters were necessary, but with more entries from A.R.S. being made, the games were soon run off. The finalist, F/O Burton, came through with flying colors with F/O Jenkins as runner up.

The Station Golf Club was organized on May 5, this year, with a membership of thirty-five officers and airmen. A total of seven monthly club competitions were held at various local clubs. Golfers from No. 2 T.C., No. 3 W.S., No. 5 A.O.S. and No. 7 E.D. were in attendance on each occasion. The season was most successful and the concluding tournament held on October 11 drew twenty-five participants with some excellent scores turned in. Sergeant Fitzpatrick from A.R.S. with a handicap of 16 was winner in the upper bracket of the season's club competition and Flight Lieutenant Spear, with a handicap of 5 dominated the lower bracket. At this time the championship decision is in the lap of old King Winter.

Rugby was next in line with a representation being sent from No. 8 R.D. to the R.C.A.F. Team in the Winnipeg Rugby League.

Basketball under F/O Jenkins is now under way with a team entered in the Winnipeg Basketball League. They took their first game from C.I.L. of Transcona and are looking forward to an eventful season. Personnel are reminded that enthusiastic supporters on the side lines always act as an inspiration and encouragement to teams participating in any competition.

Our Hockey Rink is in the process of construction between No. 9 Hangar and the engine test house and will soon be ready for the ice cutters. The budding hockey star may display his skill either on the Command Team, the Station Team in the R.C.A.F. League or the Squadron Team in the Station League.

The roaring game of Curling is just coming into its own again and there are sufficient entries to enable the Station Club to have 27 rinks. Flight Lieutenant Spear is President, LAC Stevenson, Vice-President, and Corporal Williams of G.E.S. holds office of Secretary-Treasurer. Five sheets of ice have been obtained and the word "GO" is eagerly awaited.

The bright spots in the sports calendar have been mentioned, but since space does not permit a more detailed account, we can only say that, in addition, Volley Ball, Horse Shoe Pitching, and the recent interest in Swimming, are all contributing factors to the active sports programme at No. 8 Repair Depot.

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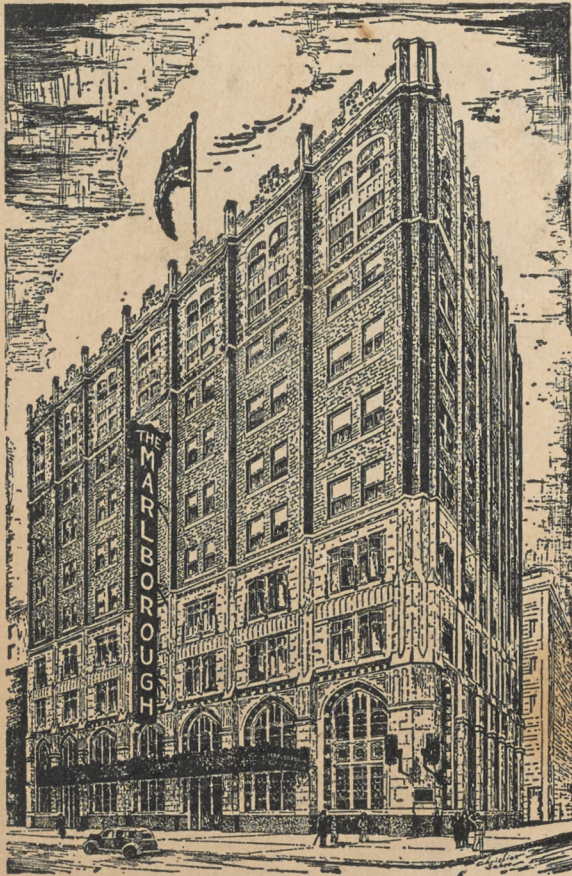
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